

AT 'ARRY'S PLACE, SIZZLING BEACH.

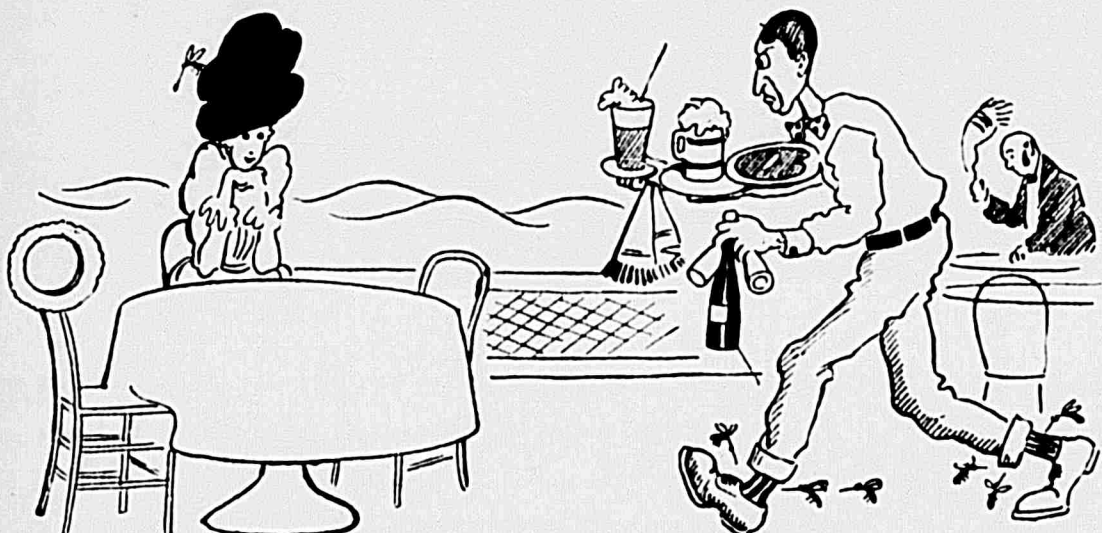
By T. E. POWERS.



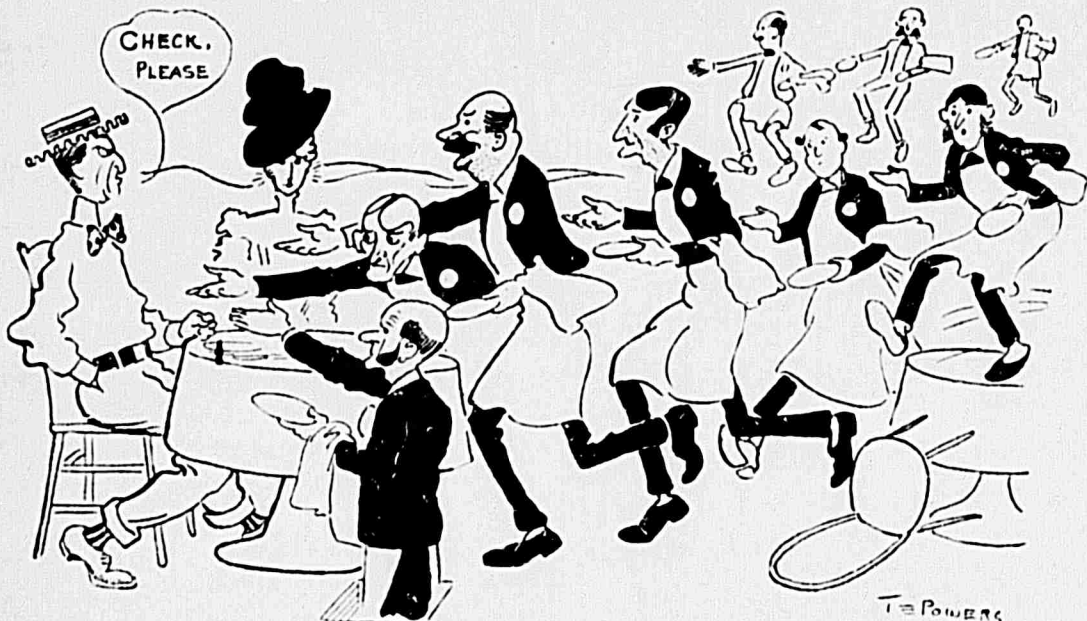
Waiting for the waiter.



Orace gets tired waiting and goes and orrills the steak himself. The cook is fat-and-gay, as they say in French.



No waiters having yet hove in sight he waits on himself.



But when the time comes for the tip there are enough waiters about to put down the rebellion in the Philippines.

THE GENESIS AND GLORY OF ASPARAGUS.

ARE you up on the genesis of asparagus? They say the first growth was in Greece. They say, or did say before they died, that it grew wild around the Coliseum, and that when a Christian-eating lion came into the arena and failed to show an appetite the press agent led the lion out and let him nibble a bunch or so of asparagus, after which there was quite a furore in the "D. H." boxes while the lion roared for more missionaries and asparagus.

The Greek asparagus, however, is the cultured brand, and it is from the Isles of Greece, where burning Sappho was carried up a spiral stairway, that we get the asparagus we eat in this land of the free.

When dallying with the stink of Eight-buttered asparagus, don't forget that asparagus contains a crystalline alkaloid. This is called asparagine. (Tell it to the man who is next to your chair.) Asparagine is not this acid and spring it on him) a nitrogenous substance belonging to the tribe known as albuminates. It is a cardiac sedative and is a short step to palpitation.

There are two kinds of asparagus—white and green. White comes in the

higher, but the green is the sort you want to swallow if you are eating it as a nibbler. But if you are eating it in a social way order it white.

The tender part of asparagus won't hurt a sick kitten. But if you let the tough end slip through your fingers you will feel as you would if you should lose a plumber's soldering machine in your stomach.

The time required to cook asparagus depends upon its age. A bonfire or a million-dollar conflagration should be put under the ordinary restaurant or boarding-house brand.

But the glory of asparagus consists in eating it. When a man or woman can eat asparagus gracefully there is no longer any occasion for that man or woman to enumber the earth. He or

she is at once translated. (There is a large number of vacant reserved seats waiting in the Bourne for graceful eaters of asparagus.)

There are the following orders for asparagus:

Asparagus in the raw. Asparagus salad. Fried asparagus. Asparagus and shrimp salad. Cream of asparagus soup. Asparagus on toast. Asparagus in ambrosia. This is piece de resistance to the asparagus kingdom. It is made of tender tips, not for the waiter, but for the palate. Then there is asparagus omelet and also asparagus soufflé.

Some people eat asparagus hot, some eat it cold, and some people never eat it. The latter make nice people to travel with.

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A LOTTERY WITH 137,000 BLANKS.

Out in Oklahoma there is a wild rush for homesteads. There are 13,000 claims and they are to be awarded by lottery to persons who have registered before July 26. Over 126,000 have already registered, and it is expected that 150,000 will be recorded on the lottery books before they are closed.

It thus appears that for every one of the 13,000 homestead lots to be assigned by Government there will be over eleven eager applicants on the ground. And they are all reported as poor people, "with little or no money." Great suffering is anticipated among the 137,000 who draw blanks in the lottery.

These are undoubtedly prosperous times—so prosperous that we are apt to think that if any able-bodied man now is out of work or short of money it must be his own fault. But here are 150,000 persons clamorous for a chance in a lottery of unimproved lands in the Far West, 137,000 of them bound to be disappointed and not knowing where to turn for a living.

It is a big country and, let the sun of prosperity ride never so high, there will always be a certain number of people in it who will somehow miss the sunshine.

HOW LOVE CROSSED A RIVER.

In the Evening World's series of lessons on love nothing meets exactly the circumstances which confronted Miss Leila Patterson, a seventeen-year-old girl, late of Elkton, Va.

Miss Patterson fell in love without a lesson. Despite her father's opposition she set out late at night to go to her own wedding. She rode a saddleless, bridleless horse with a rope halter for a rein. Arriving at the swollen Shenandoah she urged her horse into the water. The faithful brute swam to the other shore and the wedding took place in Maryland.

It's a good thing to have a horse that one can trust. But the most important thing of all is that this husband shall prove as trusty as the horse.

Such a girl as this Virginia heroine is not won every day. She is worth winning and cherishing carefully for always.

ANOTHER LOVE STORY; AND A SAD ONE.

I have loved Ida Depuy for six months. . . . We could not live together, so we were determined to die together.

That is a quotation from a news story of the day. Here is a passage from a very old story told in a very familiar book:

And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed to him but a few days, for the love he had for her.

There they are. A love of six months that meant death. A love of seven years that could still wait for life.

Seven years would have made Herman Treetz a young man of twenty-four, Ida Depuy a young woman of twenty-two. But at fifteen the maid is dead and at seventeen the youth is wounded and hopeless, while two homes are cast in gloom and a whole community stands mutely shocked.

A boy's will is the wind's will.

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

Moreover, the will of a frail girl—what is it when the lover is masterful, as is the handsome lad of seventeen who has once run away to sea and come home to boast of his adventures?

Poor Ida Depuy, with the blue eyes that could see only the way a despairing young love pointed!

But the "long, long thoughts" of the boy. They are not a mind's real looks ahead. They are impatient frettings—like those of the child denied immediate possession of a fancied toy.

At seventeen and fifteen love is a toy, as chances go, and yet—there is the opportunity for a world of tactful guiding on the part of parents.

Poor Herman Treetz—though foolish and criminal! Who had tried in the right way to teach him patience; to show him that at seventeen the world is not even at its beginning!

'TIS TRUE, 'TIS PITY.

"You have the reputation of being ready to help deserving young men," remarked the caller. "I have a favor to ask of you. Will you be so kind as to give me the use of your name temporarily?"

"Want to sign it to a check?" asked the man of prominence. "Oh, no," replied the young man. "I want to sign it to a story. I have a story here that doesn't amount to much with my name signed to it, but if I could sign yours I know of several publications that would grab it up quick. Well-known names are about the only thing they buy."—Chicago Post.

BOY ON A VACATION.

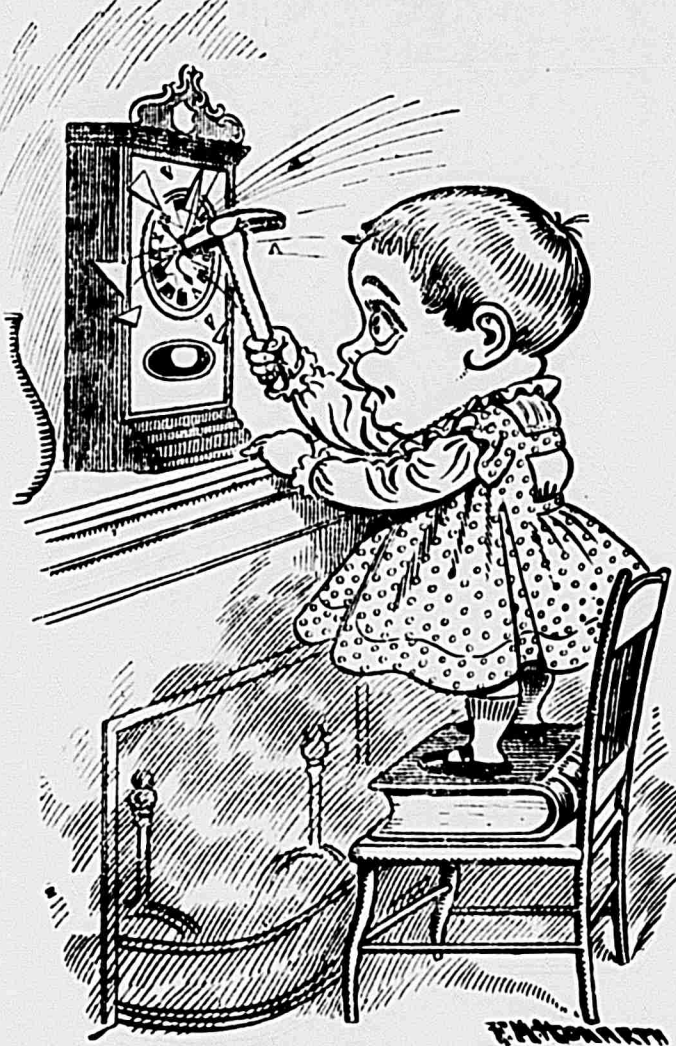
"Our office boy hasn't returned from his fresh-air vacation," "Haven't you heard from him?" "Oh, yes! He wrote that he didn't like the country very much, but if we'd let his pay go on he'd stay two weeks longer."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SMART GIRL, FOOL MAN.

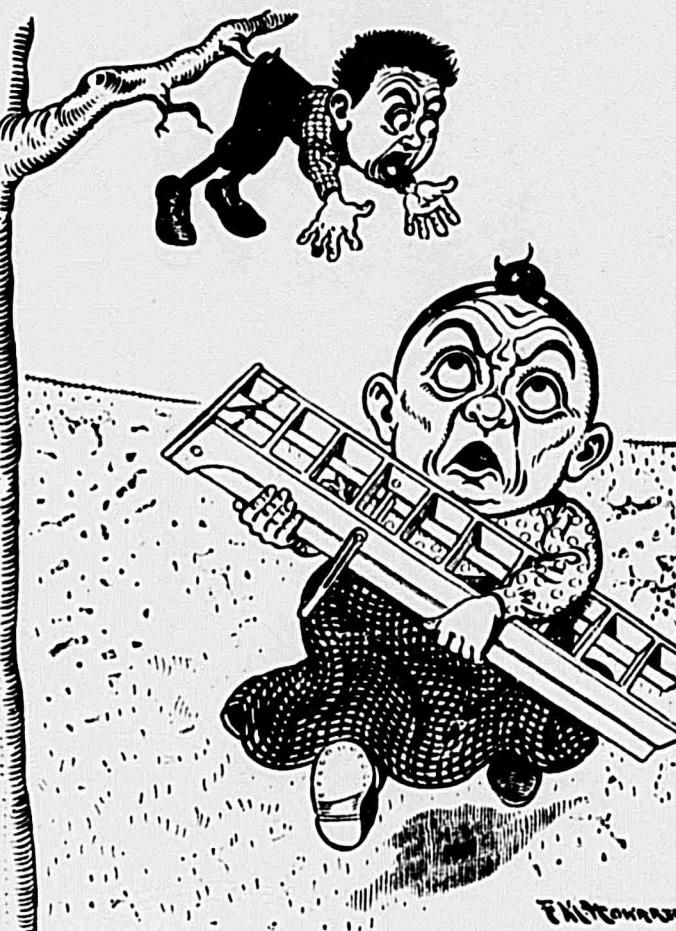
"You said that I was the first girl you ever courted." "Yes, dearest." "Well, what made you look under the sofa before we sat down?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

COMIC DEFINITIONS.

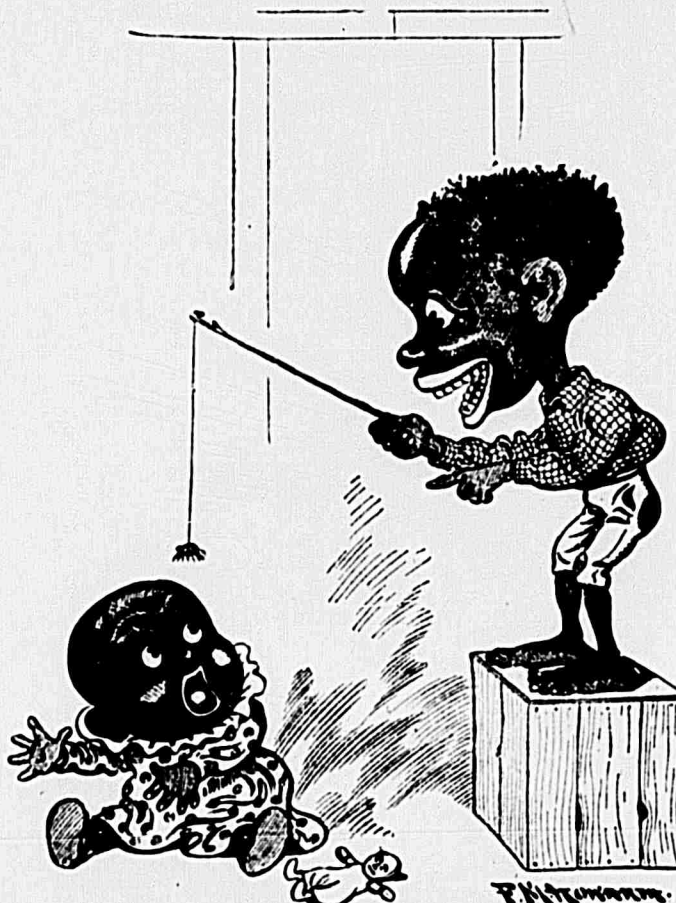
By F. M. HOWARTH.



"A LITTLE AT A TIME."



"TAKING STEPS FOR HIS RESCUE."



"A CASE OF BLACK PLAGUE."

BEAUTY'S SECRETS.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Hollow in the Forehead.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Kindly inform me how I can get rid of a hollow in the forehead. It is right between the eyebrows. I do not think it comes from frowning. READER.

DO not exactly understand what you mean by a "hollow" in your forehead. If you mean a furrow you certainly have formed it by some muscular contraction. You might try the court-plaster remedy, which is entirely harmless and sometimes will break a bad habit of this sort. Cut some white silk court-plaster into narrow strips. Separate the furrow, making the skin smooth and attach the court-plaster crisscross so that it holds the skin in a smooth state. You can put this court-plaster on at night and keep it on all day of treating wrinkles of this sort. I do not think it effective where the wrinkles are those of age, but where young people have acquired bad habits this remedy will at least, and to a certain extent, assist in breaking the practice.

Again the Freckle Wash.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Kindly let me know a good remedy for freckles. Mrs. F. P. B. This is an excellent wash for freckles. Bichloride of mercury, in a coarse powder, 12 grains; extract of witch hazel, 2 ounces; rose water, 3 ounces. Agitate until the mercury dissolves. Mop over the freckles night and morning.

Bichloride of mercury is, as perhaps you know, a dangerous poison, and while perfectly proper to use as suggested, should be kept out of the way of ignorant persons and children.

Treatment for Dry Hair.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Please insert a good formula for a dry scalp.

ANNE. FIRST of all you need a good shampoo and treatment for your hair. I give you a formula for the shampoo, and if you possibly can I would suggest scalp massage. If you cannot get a good scalp massage apply the lotion for which I give you a formula. Rub it into the scalp thoroughly with the tips of the fingers at least once a day for ten minutes. If you can get another person to do this for you it would be much better.

Formula for Hair Grower.—Bay rum, 3 ounces; distilled extract witch hazel, 3 ounces; common table salt, 1 dram; hydrochloric acid (5 per cent), 1 drop; magnesia, sufficient.

Mix the bay rum and extract of witch hazel together and shake in a little magnesia. Filter through a filtering paper and dissolve the salt in the filtrate, which one drop of hydrochloric acid to be added. The magnesia causes the mixture to become slightly yellow, but the one drop of acid entirely remove this color. Apply to the roots of the hair at night.

Egg Shampoo—Try the following shampoo: Yolk of one egg, one pint of hot rain water, one ounce of spirit of rosemary; beat the mixture up thoroughly and wash the hair with it. Rinse thoroughly in several waters. This wash is good for dandruff where the ordinary shampoo fails.

THE VOICE IN THE CHOIR.

UP in the music loft I heard A voice of wondrous tone, Like warbling of a happy bird That joyed o'er winter frown.

As singer I was never plann'd; So I could not aspire To rise to such a height as stand Beside her in the choir.

I loved her, and I thank my wife Another plan I knew. I tried it, and—well, now she sits Beside me in the pew.

Her voice sings, and my heart replies, Rejoicing in love's crown; She "raised a mortal to the skies," I "drew an angel down."—G. Birdseye in Town and Country.

LACE STOCKINGS.

WE have decided that lace gloves are not intolerable, and we are now to have lace stockings—not those fronts, but those that are actually made of lace. No doubt they are becoming to the skin, but, what seems more important, they are decidedly expensive; the only part that is substantial is under the feet. Silk mouseline stockings have also been brought in, handsomely embroidered.

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut this fancy blouse in medium size 4½ yards of material 21 inches wide, 3½ yards 27 inches wide, 4 yards 21 inches wide or 2½ yards 41 inches wide.



will be required, with ¼ yard of all-even lace. The pattern (No. 2882, sizes 28 to 40) will be sent for 10 cents. Send money to "Cashier, The World, Publisher Building, New York City."

A NEST EGG OF \$100,000

By MARY M. PARKS.

DAILY LOVE STORY.

WHEN Jared Peters went West to help the country grow up, Rose Hawthorne thought her heart was broken. But she was soon consoled by the visits of Harold Winterast, a rich manufacturer's son. Granther Peters had always liked Rose, and of all the girls in the country round he would have chosen her for Jared.

When a tattling neighbor brought the news of Rose's double-dealing, the old man flatly refused to believe it; but when, with his own eyes, he saw Rose

and Harold strolling arm in arm in the dusk, he took to his bed. After two or three days of misery mental and physical, he arose and spent an entire afternoon in inditing a letter which struck consternation to Jared's soul. It was vague in manner and matter, but he gathered from it some inkling of the truth; and immediately wrote—not to Rose, but to one of her girl friends. By return mail he received a reply and perhaps not unexaggerated account of Rose's "carryings on."

There are pretty girls in Kansas; and there was one in particular, with won-

drous dimples, that Jared had noticed—just barely noticed, you know—as he made the customary remarks about female perfidy. He wrote Rose a biting letter—and tore it up; for a subtler revenge had occurred to him. He divined that Rose preferred him to Harold—if he succeeded in making money; and he plotted accordingly.

From this date his correspondence took on a dismal hue.

Soon followed a rumor that Jared had come home unexpectedly, looking very seedy, and it was "urnized," "dead broke."

Among the friends Jared made in the West was one who had been born under an unlucky star. He was intelligent and shrewd; but everything he touched turned to ashes. Where others reaped golden harvests he reaped misfortune, and his affairs became seriously involved. He was too young to know that while there is life there is hope, and one night Jared, who roomed with him, went home to find his friend stretched on the floor with a bullet through his head, and the empty revolver in his stiffening right hand.

With the callousness of youth, Jared adapted this young fellow's story to his own use. He told it as his own, and told it well. He was a clever actor, and fully realized the dramatic possibilities of the situation.

He sat opposite his false sweetheart and Harold, and behind him the old man, white-faced but firm-lipped, glared over his boy's head like a wounded lion. Rose crossed the piazza, and laying her hand on Jared's shoulder, resolutely faced her frowning parents and the disgraced Harold.

"I shall stand by Jared," she said, in ringing tones.

Rose was somewhat shocked when she learned that Jared's woes were all assumed, and that he had prudently escaped from the collapsing boom with the neat little nest egg of \$100,000; but she became reconciled to the situation in time.